

Esquimaux Dogs

When at Fort Albany we saw several Esquimaux dogs, a species of canine unknown in civilized communities. These dogs are very large, larger than our Newfoundland, and much stronger when in condition. Their strength, however, varies. In the winter, when they are well fed for driving, they are much stouter and stronger than in summer, when they are poorly fed, without exercise and languid from the heat, which is very telling upon them, as their native climate far to the north is invariably severe. Their colors are white and yellow—white impure breeds are white and black, the hair thick and bushy, and the tail long, bushy and curving up at the end. At times they are very quiet, at others very savage. They are driven ordinarily five in number, but often many more, before sleds, one, invariably a female leading, for the others will follow her more readily. Each dog has a separate rein, which is held by the driver, who has also a great long whip made of sealskin, plaited as ordinary whips, but with the heavy part of the lash about the thickness of a man's wrist. The lash is from six to nine fathoms long, and the handle—made of wood—from a foot to a foot and a half in length. When a dog is not drawing properly or misbehaving in any way he or she is drawn by his separate rein out of the rest of the pack to receive chastisement with the whip, and so well do they know what is coming that just as soon as the rein is pulled the victim begins yelping and struggling to correct his or her ways before the whip comes thundering along. Great skill is required in the use of these whips, for if not properly handled the great heavy lash cracks around the manipulator's body and legs, inflicting very painful and sometimes severe wounds. But in the hands of a person skilled in the use of them these whips can be used with great precision and effect, sometimes completely cutting a dog's ear off.

Very remarkable stories are told about the manner in which the Esquimaux handle their whips, but are, I imagine, slightly exaggerated. It is said that they have frequently attacked and killed white bears, the most ferocious animals in the vicinity of James' Bay, with a knife attached to the end of a whip. One of our party "tried his hand" with one of these dog-whips, and succeeded in punishing his legs rather severely, while a Hudson Bay company's officer used it with as much ease and precision as a horseman would have used an ordinary whip. Some Esquimaux dogs at Fort Albany had to be tied a long distance apart with long chains, while who's fish were thrown to them, which they'd devour with a suddenness which was astonishing. Just in their greed they'd turn upon each other. They are quite unmanageable when they get on the track of a deer, and no person can check them in their wild career as they gallop "up hill and down dale," over ice and snow, and through bush, with the sleds and dogs in pursuit of their prey. Ordinarily, they make about sixty miles a day, and very pleasantly and comfortably does a man travel in these northern regions wrapped up in blankets and furs upon a dog-sled.

Cor. Toronto Globe.

Sights in Bombay.

Bombay is exceedingly interesting to me. I love to soak my handkerchief in camphor, and then start off in the edge of the evening for a long ramble on foot, oblivious of the danger from cholera and other prevalent pestilence.

Here is a single, lone Chinaman, the only one I have seen in all Bombay, who is stepping along to his shoe-shop. Here are a group of my esteemed countrymen, as I immediately gather from the gilt inscription "U. S. S. Trenton" around their hats, and also from their blue sailor suits. They are slightly moistened with benzine I can see, and I have grave doubts as to the nature of their mission ashore, but they compare so favorably with the men from the British ships in conduct that I do not rebuke them as I pass by. Here are some bootblacks, the first I have seen since leaving San Francisco. Your shoes are always blacked by the hotel porter, or the boarding-house porter, or the steamer porter in these ports, so that the business of the street is not so dirty as I have heard. I do not hear the familiar American cry "Shine yer boots!" These Hindoo bootblacks should visit New York and "see how it is done."

Here a great crowd of natives are looking off at the sky over the bay. I look, also, but see nothing. I move on further, until I come in sight of the sea-shore, when I discover thousands of people sitting down and gazing at the blank, cloudless sky. I forget on a far-seer (the Parsees almost always speak English), and he explains it all to me. This is the first day of the Hindoo new year, and it is a great National custom to look for the new moon. After much looking I discover the queen of night—the smallest crescent I have ever seen.

The streets are thronged with men, women and children, all attired in costumes that are more showy than any I have ever seen elsewhere in the world. A series of terrible shrieks now rise above the babel of street cries. I elbow my way along to the scene of operations, and find that a Hindoo is piercing the nose of one of his daughters, aged perhaps ten years. This is, of course, a part of every girl's education, but is a medicine that is not appreciated in the taking. The means adopted for performing the operation are rather primitive. The child's head is held by one person, while another jams the wire of the jewel through the shrinking cartilage of the nostril.

As for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

HUMOROUS.

It must be a lady editor who answers a correspondent's query thusly: "How to catch a husband—Crab him by the hair."

—Why is a very modest young lady like a steamboat? Because she pays no attention to the swells that follow her; we a-steam for it.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

A wicked young man says that he never will, upon any consideration whatever, believe that a pretty girl knows what a kiss means till he has it from her own mouth.—Chicago Tribune.

—Drug clerk to diffident young lady—"Wish to get something?" Young lady, muttering—"I really believe I've forgotten what I came for." Clerk, who catches the last words—"Camphor; how much, please?"

—Bitter-Sweet: Miss Montague Tay-leure (to Miss Capulet Smythe)—"I want to introduce to you Mr. Naisley, back there, who thinks you are so awfully handsome. You know of him, don't you? He is very amusing and eccentric—never thinks as any one else does."—Life.

—A Russian is not legally a man until he is twenty-six years old. Fancy a Russian mother saying: "Alvrawiska, who was that sitting so close on the sofa with you last night?" and Alvi replying: "Only Chipmunkiwski, a little boy from over the way. We were celebrating his twenty-fifth birthday."—Philadelphia Call.

—A lady sat in the editorial room waiting for the editor. She said to the funny man: "I want to send a letter to the post-office. Will you please tell me, sir, where I can go for a boy?" "Go to the devil, madam." "Sir," she said, rising, "Ah, there he comes now. John, take that lady's letter to the post office."—N. Y. News.

—A golden-haired Silence puts his head in at a door. "Did you send for me?" "Of course I didn't," replied a man in a long a-ron. "A messenger boy said somebody along here wanted to see me." "Well, 'twasn't me; I'm a barber. May be it was the merchant next door. I heard him say he was going to quit advertising."—Chicago News.

—There's a little too much hippodrome about that sugar you sold me," said a customer to a grocer the other day. "How's that?" "Well, there's not sugar enough in it for coffee and there's hardly sand enough for mortar."

"That shows you don't understand our great combination brand," blandly returned the dealer: "you've only got to use twice as much and the residue will be splendid for cleaning knives." And he sold him another box of dried apples made from the best selected shoe parings.—San Francisco Post.

Minds Diseased.

A singular case was brought before a city court not long since. A gentleman of high social standing, the son of a great jurist, and an eminent lawyer and scholar, had been imprisoned by his sister and brother in an insane asylum, but had regained his freedom. They now wished to make his confinement perpetual, and to obtain control of his property on the ground that he was a lunatic. The only delusion under which he labored was his belief that he heard incessantly the voices of unseen speakers. Two men, he declared, whom he had dislodged, had conspired to annoy him in this way, and by means of electrical power conveyed the sounds to his ear. Exactly how it was done was a scientific secret as yet undiscovered. He conducted his own defense in court, and made a plea so logical, powerful and scholarly that it convinced his hearers of his sanity. No more masterly or brilliant argument had ever been heard in these walls. He was dismissed a free man. But he persisted on his discharge that the voices still sounded in his ears.

How far the brain may receive such delusions, and yet remain sane and responsible enough to control our relations with the world, and our brother man is one of the most difficult questions in metaphysics. Dr. Johnson was sorer than his generation upon most vital questions, yet he would not walk down a certain street without striking every post with his cane, and if he omitted one, would come back a square to touch it, "not to give offense."

One of the most brilliant of American men of letters had a singular love of horses, and to his intimate friends declared his firm belief that they had human souls.

A well-known leader of society in one of our cities, a woman who managed large literary and charitable organizations with exceptional shrewdness and business ability, was, during her whole life, convinced that whenever she looked into a mirror her head died, and remained dead for many minutes.

If the most prosaic and practical man among us would look closely into his own belief, he will probably find some lurking superstition, a dread of Friday, or of the thirteenth place at table, or of a harmless black cat, which, to a perfectly sane mind, would seem only a mad whim.

On the other hand, it is hardly safe to allow only the most prosaic minds to measure the bounds of reason and unreason. To a jury of dull, illiterate men, Hawthorne's moods of careless misery, Poe's rapt ecstasies, Byron's "immortal longings," would be proofs of lunacy. Pope's keen wit suggests that

"Madness and genius sure are near allied, And thin partitions do the bounds divide." But even Pope, with all his knowledge of human nature, could not define the place of the partitions.—Youth's Companion.

ROUGH ON ITCH.

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains.

The ministerial alliance at Clinton, last night, arranged as their programme "The Theater." The meeting was held at the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

Women and Quacks.

The tenth living wife of a Doctor Hirschberg, who has just been released from the Louisville workhouse and is again under arrest, charged with bigamy, tells a long story of the doctor's adventures. She has information with regard to five of his companions. He began by marrying a German nurse girl in the Cincinnati hospital. Then, at Buffalo, he married an Irish girl; at Cleveland he married a Jewess; at Montreal a French girl, and at New Orleans a mulatto. Since then, the tenth wife says, he has married six different American women, and she rather thinks he is the most successful "masher" in the world.

The queerest part of the information relates, however, to the gullibility of the average woman, her utter failure as a judge of character, her apparent eagerness to marry, and her readiness to accept the advances of men of whom she knows positively nothing. Very likely the doctor selected his victims from the lower classes of women; but there should be sharpness about them to a certain extent, and indeed we believe the necessity which constantly surrounds them is calculated to sharpen rather than dull their wits. The quack has many patients, but as a matrimonial adventurer he should certainly have few victims. Anybody, even the most ignorant and the dullest person, should know the quack as a humbug at sight. It is not entirely surprising that men and women should employ him as a physician, for the aches and pains they wish to get rid of frequently make them mentally weak, and when the regular physician has failed they have nothing to do in their despair but pray for miracles and patronize the quack; but that a woman should voluntarily place her life and all that she has in the hands of such a person and expect happiness as a result passes the ordinary comprehension.

And the quack need not be handsome, or a promising person in any way. If he be twice the age of the woman and fit only, judging from his looks and achievements, for association with idiots, that makes no difference at all. He has a glib tongue, and that covers all the deficiencies. He talks to the woman smoothly and at length, using the largest words and spicing the largest erudition, and the less she catches his meaning the more she admires him. He wears glasses and looks wise. His business has given him an impudence that passes in her mind for the confidence that sometimes attends knowledge and experience, and she is a poor critic. Probably she has had few chances to marry—for the quack is shrewd in his selections as a general thing, and her eagerness to marry is the main cause of her destruction; but how many cases are there of really bright and handsome women who have become enamored of aged and ignorant quacks and have continued to have a section for them until they turned out to be scoundrels as well?

The success of this Kentucky quack will bring to the reader's mind a dozen similar cases, and the question whether women are progressing as much as it is claimed they are ought to be brought before the debating societies; but there is a pathetic side to the matter in the necessity which afflicts most unprotected women owing to the limited opportunities of the money they are able to earn, and in their natural and acquired yearning for the home which every woman ought to have.—N. Y. Graphic.

Smart People.

Sam V. Harris lives in Fort Worth. Neither he nor his wife are very smart, as will be seen by the following incident:

Last night Sam heard a noise under his bed.

"There is somebody under the bed," said Sam to his wife.

"It's Fido, I guess."

"No, I think it's a burglar," replied Sam.

"Just reach your hand down, and if it is Fido he will lick it." The burglar, for it was one after all, overheard the conversation, and when Sam reached his hand down the burglar licked it all over very affectionately. This was entirely satisfactory, and they both went to sleep, but when they woke up next morning there was not much left in the house that was worth carrying off.—Texas Sittings.

A Boston physician advises everybody to ascertain what diseases have been carried off by his ancestors, with a view of guarding himself against inherited tendencies by adopting the requisite manner of life, place of residence and general self-treatment.

—Washington, D. C., has a "teacher of memory," who claims that in a few lessons he will enable one to memorize the most difficult things without effort.

—All attempts to keep a gorilla in captivity, even in Africa, have as yet failed. It either starves to death or dies of a broken heart.

—On Friday night a young woman of this city dreamed that she saw a friend of hers play the important part of bride in a wedding. The phantom bride's dress was as plainly portrayed on the mental retina of the dreamer as if she had seen it with her waking eyes. The groom's appearance was equally distinct. Yesterday afternoon the dreamer met the bride's brother, and learned for the first time that her dream had pictured a fact. His sister had been privately married on the previous evening to a miner from Chihuahua, Mex., and she wore the dress described. The visionary had no previous reason to suppose that the wedding would ever take place. Here is a nut for the mental physiologists to crack.—Denver News.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Mildew may be removed by dipping the stained parts into buttermilk and putting them into the sun.

—Every housewife should have a jar exclusively set apart in which to keep cream. It should not be allowed to remain any length of time in a jar which has previously contained vinegar, apple butter, pickles, etc., unless it has undergone a thorough washing and airing.

—The expert weeder pokes a weed or two out of existence with his hand while his eye is locating the exact spot for the next stroke—much as the master of military drill keeps the next order or two in mind while the present one is rolling off his tongue. Considerable practice in either art is needed for perfection.

—Look out for Moths! If you have not the great luxury of some modern housekeepers, a cedar closet, or even a chest, you must look to the garments that invite depredations from moths now. Air them and put away in cotton bags with paper over them. Fasten the paper with mullage, and it will be impossible for moths to get in.

—Colonel F. D. Curtis says that a good crop of peas will afford from forty to sixty bushels to the acre, and a bushel of them will go further in making growth than a bushel of corn, because peas, being nitrogenous, supply all the wants of the system, and make a healthful and firm flesh, whereas the corn goes more to fat, which is not so good for food and makes soft pork with more waste in the cooking. He sows black-eyed marrowfat, with ground in good condition, broadcast or with a drill, using two to two and a-half bushels per acre.

—Save the spent tea leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour; strain through a sieve, and use the tea for all varnished paints. It requires very little elbow polish, as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from all impurities and making it equal to new. It cleans windows and sashes and oilcloths; indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window-panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleaning black walnut and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paints with it.

Parrots.

A few weeks since the papers gave the story of a parrot that was fond of pickles, and to get one put its head in a jar in which sweet pickles were kept. The pickles were so far below the surface of the vinegar that Poll had to immerse its head in the sour liquid before it could gratify its appetite. The result was that he became a bald-headed parrot.

Occasionally some one would refer to the loss of its feathers by saying: "So you've had your head in the sweet pickles, Poll?" One day a bald-headed old gentleman, on entering the room where hung Poll's cage, was saluted by the bird screaming out:

"Guess you've had your head in the sweet pickles!"

Amusing as is this impudent exclamation of the parrot, it is paralleled by the sayings of three other parrots, which the present writer reports and vouches for:

The cage of a Massachusetts parrot hangs in a photographer's reception-room. It is not uncommon for a lady, just as she has finished her toilet, preparatory to sitting for a picture, to be startled by the bird's impudent exclamation: "Oh, my! ain't she a daisy?"

A Rhode Islander who owns a bright parrot, keeps a private school for children. At recess the children are allowed to play in the yard, but are forbidden to go into the street. The lady is in a part of the house where she can not see the children, but no sooner has one of them slipped out of the yard before she is at the door to call the truant back.

She knows of the disobedience through the parrot. His cage his hung by the front window, and as soon as a child wanders on to the sidewalk the bird screams: "Children in the street! children in the street!"

Another of these feathered talkers belongs in the town of F—, in the same State. His owner being too fond of old New England rum, sometimes comes home so intoxicated that not even the bird fails to notice it. At such times Poll seems to share the family disgrace, for it screams, angrily:

"Shut the door! You're drunk! Shut the door! You're drunk!"—Youth's Companion.

ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE.

Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache," 15c. 25c.

—Rev. Robert Laird Collier, in speaking of London, says: "There is no mistake, the American anywhere. On the streets, in the galleries, at the theaters, he is to be met. For one, I am always glad to meet him. He is the nearest, frankest, all in all the truest man to be found walking in shoe leather. He is different from all other foreigners in London. He speaks the same language as the Englishman. I can instantly understand all he is saying, and so it is that his voice and intonation and a scent somewhat untrained, and perhaps, just the least bit unlearned."—N. Y. Times.

A contributor to a London scientific paper says that a very simple and effective way of coloring a meerschaum bowl is by painting it while you are smoking, and after it becomes warm, with the creamy surface of good milk (or cream), by means of a common hair pencil, which brings out the brown and yellow colors beautifully, and as by magic.

Christine Nilsson says she will sing a little in England next fall and then go to Sweden and spend her life in seclusion.

LIFE AND CRIME OF BILL FOX.

The life and murderous crime of BILL FOX, one of the most noted criminals ever in the west, executed at Nevada, Mo., December 28, 1883, has been published in pamphlet form, illustrated. The book gives the full details of the trial of Fox for the murder of T. W. Howard, May 20, 1883, and the confession of his murder, implicating the woman, Mrs. Rose. Price, 10c. Address.

J. WEST GOODWIN, Sedalia, Mo.

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For information: \$1.00 Single birds, \$2.00 Pairs. My chickens are selected from the yards of the best breeders and are up to standard. Orders by mail promptly attended to and delivered on cars at 8c. Sedalia, Mo. Correspondence solicited. R. C. SNEED, Rooms 1 and 2 Porter block, 2-17-84 Sedalia, Mo.

A. F. WYCKOFF,

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THE SURE CURE

FOR

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AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used."

"Kidney-Wort is always reliable."

Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.

"Kidney-Wort cured my wife of two years' suffering." Dr. C. M. Sumner, Sun Hill, N. H.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES,

it has cured where all else had failed.

It cures the blood and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body.

The natural action of the Kidneys is to purify the blood and excrete the waste matter.

When the Kidneys are diseased, the blood is impure, and the waste matter accumulates in the system.

It cleanses the blood and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body.

The Liver is cleansed of all diseases, and the Bile is made freely and healthfully.

In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

PRICE, \$1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SENT BY DRUGGISTS.

Can be sent by mail.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, David Blocher and Lucy E. Blocher, his wife, by their certain deed of trust, dated the 2nd day of December, 1882, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, Missouri, in record book No. 25, page 238 and 239, conveyed to the undersigned trustee, the following described real estate, situated in Pettis county, Missouri, and described as follows: Lot number one, (1), in block number, thirty-four, (34), in the city of Sedalia, Missouri. Said conveyance was to secure the payment of certain notes in said deed fully described. And whereas, default has been made, in the payment of the principal note, according to the tenor and effect thereof, and the same remains unpaid, and whereas, by the terms of said deed of trust, it is provided that in case of default in the payment of said notes, or either of them, or the interest due thereon as the same becomes due, and payable, then all of said notes shall become due and payable, together with all interest thereon. And whereas, said principal note is now due, owing and unpaid, and default has been made in the payment thereof, now therefore, in accordance with the terms and provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I, hall proceed to sell said real estate, at the court house, door in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, on

FRIDAY THE 15TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1885.

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day to satisfy said note, together with the interest and cost of executing this trust.

12-30-wt. J. C. THOMPSON, Trustee.

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